

In the dark days of the early 1940s,

STEVE ROGERS,

a struggling young artist from the

LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN,

found himself horrified by the war raging overseas.

Desperate to help, he was rejected by the

U.S. ARMY

as unfit for service when he tried to enlist.

Undeterred, convinced this was where he needed to be, he was selected to participate in a covert military project called

OPERATION: REBIRTH.

There, he was chosen by scientist

ABRAHAM ERSKINE

as the first human test subject, and overnight was transformed into

AMERICA'S FIRST SUPER-SOLDIER.

Enhanced to the peak of human perfection with superior strength, reflexes and speed, Steve Rogers now fights to protect the people and the country he loves from the forces that would destroy them as

CAPTAIN AMERICA.

CAPTAIN AMERICA THEATER OF WAR: A BROTHER IN ARMS No. 1, June, 2009. Published as a One-Shot by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2009 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40688537. Printed in Canada. ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Publishing Division and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, President of Publishing - Print & Digital Media; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at mdane@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.



ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 25TH, 1945, TWENTY-THREE MEN OF THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY RANGERS UNDERTOOK ONE OF THE MOST DARING RAIDS OF WORLD WAR II.

DESCENDING BY PARACHUTE DEEP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY--LANDING AT NIGHT ON GERMAN SOIL--THESE BRAVE MEN WERE TO TAKE CONTROL OF A STRATEGICALLY VITAL DAM ACROSS THE RHEIN AT REMBRECHTSOF AND HOLD THAT POSITION UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVED.



WE CAME IN UNDER COVER OF ENEMY FIRE ON A MODIFIED B-24 LIBERATOR. THE ENTIRE OPERATION WAS DESIGNED TO LOOK LIKE A BOMBING RAID, AND THIS WOULD GIVE US AN ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.



TWENTY-THREE MEN: THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST OF THE SECOND BATTALION PEERED DOWN THAT NIGHT ACROSS THE DARK OF THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE.

AND I AT THEIR HEAD, IMMORTAL IN THEIR EYES BUT FOR THE THUD OF A THIRTY-MILLIMETER CANNON OR A WELL-PLACED SNIPER'S BULLET.



BUT THIS IS NOT THEIR STORY.

AND IT IS NOT MY STORY.

IT IS THE STORY OF SOLDIERS ALL.

A BROTHER IN ARMS

STORY
PAUL
JENKINS

PENCILS
JOHN
MCCREA

INKS
JAMES HODGKINS,
ALLEN MARTINEZ & VICTOR OLAZABA

COLORS
ANDREW ELDER & SOTOCOLOR'S
LARRY MOLINAR & CHRIS GARCIA

LETTERS
DAVE
LANPHEAR

CAPTAIN AMERICA
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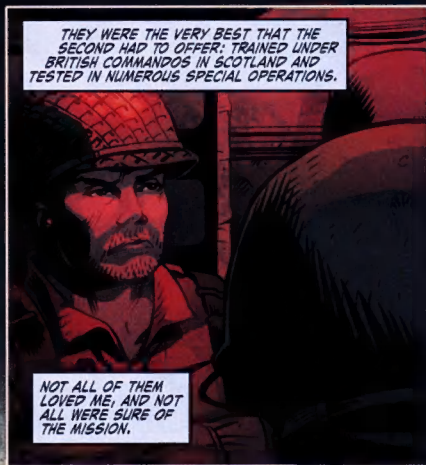
THE GERMAN DEFENSES
WILL SEE THIS AS AN AIR RAID!
IF THEY CATCH ANY OF OUR
PARACHUTES COMING DOWN,
THEY'LL THINK WE BOUGHT IT
FROM THE FLAK!

GET ROLLED UP, UNDER
COVER AND INTO THE TREES;
THEN MOVE TO THE RALLY
POINT ASAP!



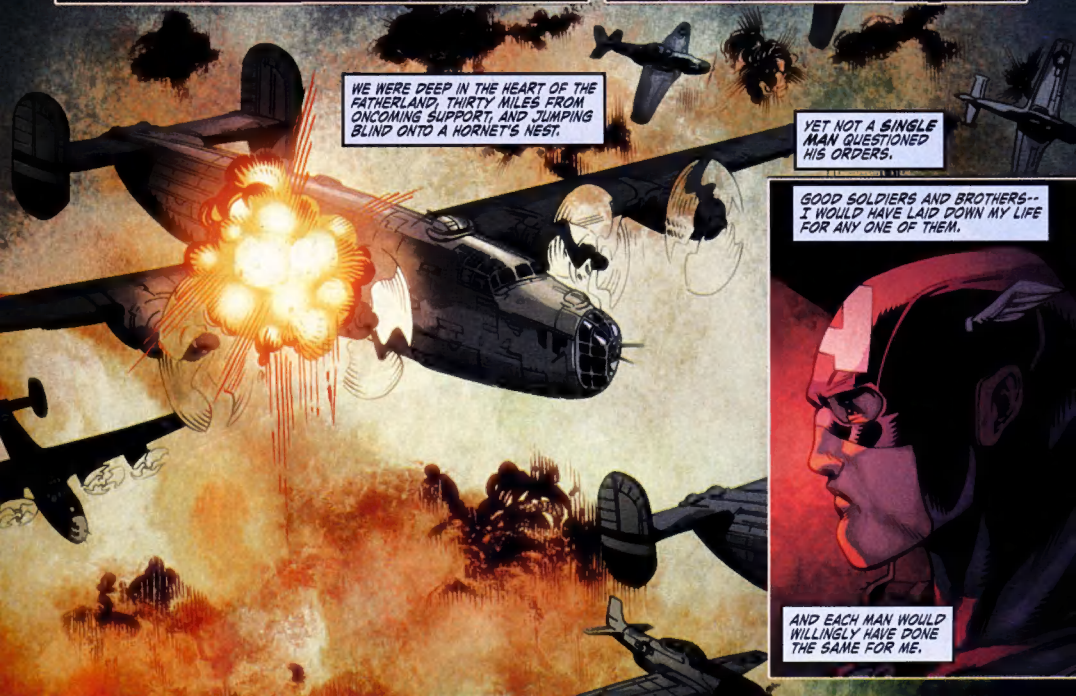
SIR, HOW
DO WE KNOW OUR
INTEL IS CORRECT?
WE'RE JUST ABOUT
IN THE MIDDLE OF
GERMANY--

GOT IT MYSELF, CORPORAL!
THREE DAYS AGO, TO BE EXACT.
DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS ON
THAT FISHING TRIP THEY TOLD
YOU ABOUT?



THEY WERE THE VERY BEST THAT THE
SECOND HAD TO OFFER: TRAINED UNDER
BRITISH COMMANDOS IN SCOTLAND AND
TESTED IN NUMEROUS SPECIAL OPERATIONS.

NOT ALL OF THEM
LOVED ME, AND NOT
ALL WERE SURE OF
THE MISSION.



WE WERE DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE
FATHERLAND, THIRTY MILES FROM
ONCOMING SUPPORT, AND JUMPING
BLIND ONTO A HORNET'S NEST.

YET NOT A SINGLE
MAN QUESTIONED
HIS ORDERS.

GOOD SOLDIERS AND BROTHERS--
I WOULD HAVE LAID DOWN MY LIFE
FOR ANY ONE OF THEM.

AND EACH MAN WOULD
WILLINGLY HAVE DONE
THE SAME FOR ME.



REMEMBER
MOVE SILENTLY AND
QUICKLY THROUGH TO THE
RALLY POINT AT THE EDGE
OF THE TREES! WITH ANY LUCK
THEY'LL BE BUSY SEARCHING
WHERE WE LANDED BEFORE
THEY KNOW WHAT
HIT 'EM!



THEY EXPECT
US TO JUMP THROUGH
THAT? IT'LL RIP OUR
ARMS OFF!

THEN I
SUGGEST YOU
BREATHE IN AND
CLOSE YOUR EYES,
RANGER!



GO! GO! GO!

AND WE JUMPED
INTO THE PITCH
BLACK OF THE
GERMAN NIGHT SKY.

TRUSTING TO GOD
IN WAYS ONLY A
MAN PLUMMETING
TO EARTH UNDER
A NYLON BLANKET
HAS ANY RIGHT
TO UNDERSTAND.



SHFFE

THEY'VE
RIGGED THE DAM
AT FOUR LOCATIONS.
I'LL TAKE THE
SAPPERS UNDER THAT
CONCRETE STANCHION
AND ONTO THE
CATWALK.

WHILE WE'RE
DEFUSING THE EXPLOSIVES,
MOLODEV'S DETAIL WILL
SET UP IN THE TREES AT THE
TOP OF THE DAM. TAKE OUT THE
FIRST PILLBOX SILENTLY AND
WE'LL HAVE THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE.



GOT IT,
CAP. ONE
TO GO.

SNIPER



DAMN...
I COULD
JUST REACH
OUT AN' BREAK
HIS NECK.

JUST
WAIT FOR THE
ORDER. NO NEED TO
GET YOUR HANDS
DIRTY.





KAMERAD!
KAMERAD!



YOU DIRTY
NAZI!

NEIN--



NOLOPEC,
DO NOT FIRE
YOUR WEAPON!
CEASE FIRE!



ARE YOU SERIOUS,
CAPT? THAT KRAUT
BANDIT KILLED TWO
OF OUR BOYS.

THAT MAN IS A COMPLIANT
PRISONER OF WAR.
CLOSE COMBAT RULES
DO NOT APPLY.



YOU'RE
GONNA LET THIS NAZI
LIVE AFTER HE KILLED
MANGOLD AND
DICKINSON?

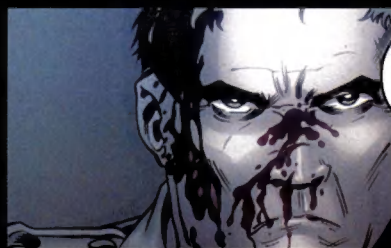
THAT MAN IS
HEER--GERMAN
REGULAR ARMY! DO
YOU SEE A NAZI
INSIGNIA
ON HIS UNIFORM? NOW
STAND DOWN!



OH,
DANKE--
DANKE
SEHR--



KRAK



(THE AMERICAN SOLDIER BEHIND ME WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO RIP YOUR HEAD OFF FOR KILLING TWO OF HIS MEN.)

(NOW, YOU ARE REQUIRED TO GIVE YOUR NAME AND RANK, OR ELSE YOUR SERIAL NUMBER. I AM REQUIRED IN TURN TO GIVE YOU CERTAIN PROTECTIONS GOVERNED BY THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT. SHOULD YOU REFUSE, YOU GIVE UP YOUR RIGHT TO THOSE PROTECTIONS.)



(NAME: KLAUS HARTMANN. RANK: OBERGEFREITER. LAUFZEIGLE NUMBER: 715-HPT9-009.)

(AND YOU ARE KAPITAN AMERIKA. I HAD THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A MYTH.)

(NOT QUITE. DO YOU HAVE ANY CHOCOLATE, CORPORAL HARTMANN? IT MIGHT HELP SOOTHE MY MEN'S TEMPERA A LITTLE.)



(YOU ARE MOST WISE, HERR KAPITAN.)

(IT'S OVER THERE IN THE CLIPBOARD, ASSUMING YOUR GRENADE DIDN'T FILL IT WITH SHRAPNEL.)

(YOU'LL FIND MEDICAL SUPPLIES IN THERE AS WELL.)



(I RECOGNIZE YOUR DIALECT, HARTMANN. YOU'RE A LOCAL MAN, AND I'M NOT BLIND TO THE AFRIKA MEDAL ON YOUR LAPEL. I WAS IN AFRICA MYSELF.)



(AS A SOLDIER, I EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE POSITION YOU ARE IN. TECHNICALLY, YOU ARE HORS DE COMBAT, MEANING I CAN ONLY OFFER YOU PROTECTION IF YOU DON'T INTERFERE WITH MY MISSION.)

(I UNDERSTAND. AND THANK YOU.)

(DON'T THANK ME YET. AND DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH MOLODEC; IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.)



GERMAN ARMOR COMING IN FROM THE SOUTHWEST! BETTER GET OUT HERE, CAP!





ACH DU
LIEBE--

SPAKOW! SPAKOW!



OFFUTT,
GET YOUR REAR END
UP HERE ON THE DOUBLE.
YOU'RE AT THE CONTROLS.
I'LL TAKE THE
CANNON.

HERE,
CAP!

YO, OFFUTT!
YOU *DO* KNOW HOW TO
DRIVE ONE OF THESE
KRAUT WAGONS,
RIGHT?

HOW
HARD COULD
IT BE?

WHOOM





(HERR HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER VEITEL, THE AMERICANS HAVE RAISED A FLAG OF TRUCE. IT SEEMS THEY ARE LOOKING TO NEGOTIATE.)

(HOW NAÏVE. LET'S SEE WHAT THEY COULD POSSIBLY WANT.)



(YOU WILL SEE THAT I AM UNARMED. I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER.)



(HERR HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER, I AM A CAPTAIN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.)

(PERMIT ME A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, IF YOU PLEASE.)



(YOU ARE REQUIRED BY MILITARY PROTOCOLS TO RETURN THE SALUTE OF A FELLOW OFFICER DURING A NEGOTIATION--)

(I AM HEAD STORM LEADER HERMANN VEITEL, SON OF THE FATHERLAND, AND YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF THE REICH IN A CLOWN COSTUME. I WILL NOT NEGOTIATE WITH YOU.)



(I'M NOT SURRENDERING, HERR VEITEL. WE HAVE ONE OF YOUR MEN IN OUR CUSTODY.)

(UNDER ARTICLE 2 OF THE 1929 GENEVA CONVENTION I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE OF MY INTENT TO ARRANGE FOR HIS RETURN AND TREATMENT.)



(IF HE'S NOT SS THEN HE'S NOT ONE OF MY MEN. WHICH MAKES HIM EITHER A FOOL, A COWARD OR A SPY.)



THEY
OPENED
FIRE!

THOSE DIRTY
NAZIS OPENED FIRE
ON CAP!

BBRRAATAAAAT

BBRRAATAAAAT

PANG

PNG

VP

VP

SEE WHAT I MEAN? I'VE SAID IT BEFORE
AN' I'LL SAY IT AGAIN: THE ONLY GOOD
GERMAN IS A DEAD ONE.
THEM DIRTY, LYIN' KRAUTS ARE
ALL THE SAME.

THEY'RE *NOT*
ALL THE SAME, MO.
NO MORE THAN
WE ARE.

BY 0300 HOURS, THE SITUATION HAD
WO SENED, WITH BAD NEWS AND
GOOD NEWS COMING IN SPADES.

THE GOOD NEWS WAS
THE GERMANS KNEW
THEY WERE IN A FIGHT.

THE BAD NEWS WAS
WE'D RECEIVED WORD
FROM A DETAIL OF THE
37TH ARMORED
REGIMENT WHO WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE LESS
THAN FIVE MILES
AWAY AND HEADED IN
OUR DIRECTION.

INSTEAD, THEY'D FOUND
THEMSELVES BOGGED DOWN
BY STUBBORN RESISTANCE
AND WERE SOME FIFTY MILES
WEST OF OUR POSITION.

WHAT'S
THE SITUATION,
HUMBERT? DID
YOU MANAGE TO
REACH COLONEL
GOODMAN?

THE COLONEL
SENDS HIS APOLOGIES,
SIR, BUT THEY'RE HAVING
A HARD TIME OF IT. HE
SAYS TO TELL YOU THEY
KEEP RUNNING INTO
ANGRY GERMANS!

HE SAYS TO
HOLD TIGHT, AND
THAT THEY ARE DOING
EVERYTHING IN THEIR
POWER TO GET THAT
DETAIL OF MA'S UP
HERE TO THE DAM!

HE ALSO
SAYS SOMETHING
ABOUT OWING YOU
FIVE BUCKS FOR
LOSING A BET,
SIR!

(HERR KAPITAN,
A MOMENT, IF YOU
PLEASE. I HEARD WHAT
HAPPENED WITH THAT
IDIOT SS OFFICER,
VEITEL.)

(SUCH
A MAN DOES
NOT DESERVE TO
CALL HIMSELF A
GERMAN.)

(THIS
ONLY COUNTRY
IS HIMSELF, AND
FOR HIS STUPIDITY
YOU HAVE MY
APOLOGIES.)



WE'VE
LOST CONTACT
WITH THE 37TH AGAIN,
CAP. LAST POSITION
WAS JUST BEYOND
HABENSDORF.

HABENSDORF?
THAT'S STILL
TWENTY MILES
AWAY!

A GOOD
WAR CAN'T BE
RUSHED,
SIR.



THOSE LYING BASTARDS HAVE
PUT UP A WHITE FLAG. THEY
MUST THINK WE WERE BORN
YESTERDAY.

WHERE?
LET ME SEE.



WANT ME TO BLOW
HIS HEAD OFF, CAP?
THAT'LL SERVE
HIM RIGHT.

HE'S
REGULAR
ARMY. LET HIM
COME.



FORGIVE
OUR MANNERS,
HERR OBERSTLEUTNANT.
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME
TO US THIS TIME.

I UNDERSTAND.



GIVE OUR
REGARDS TO ADOLF,
KLAUS! TELL HIM WE'LL
BE BY FOR A VISIT
NEXT WEEK!

YEAH--AN DON'T
BLAME US FOR MAKING
A MESS. YOU GUYS
STARTED IT!



YES, YES--
BYE-BYE,
YANKES!

HAW! KLAUS
CRACKED A
FUNNY!



HERE--YOU DID
GOOD FOR MY BOYS
TONIGHT, PAL.

YOU EVER
FIND YOURSELF IN
ST. LOUIS, YOU GIVE ME
A SHOUT. MAYBE WE'LL
GO HAVE A BEER, OR
SOMETHIN'.



DANKE--
DANKE--
THANK YOU.

YOU
SHOULD THANK ME.
I SHOULD'VE SHOT
YOU THE FIRST TIME
I SAW YOU.



(HERR KAPITAN.)

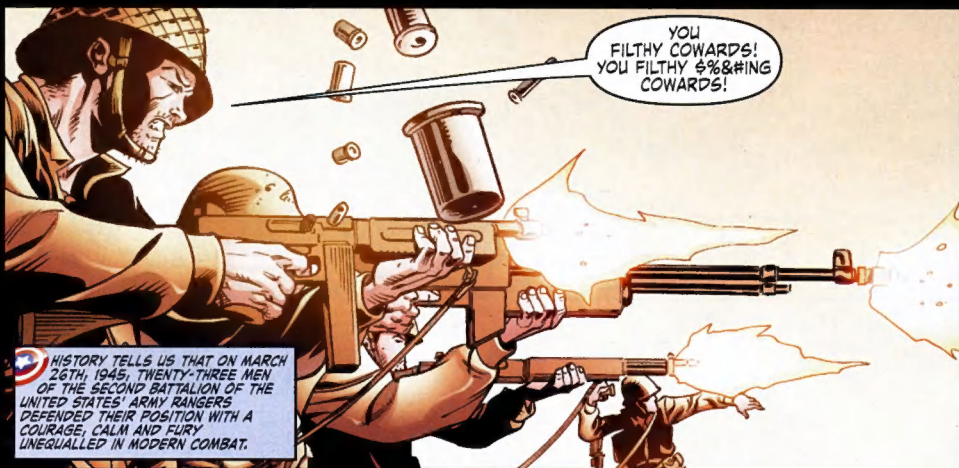


SOMETIMES,
YOUR BROTHER
IS YOUR ENEMY.



OTHER TIMES,
YOUR ENEMY IS
YOUR BROTHER.





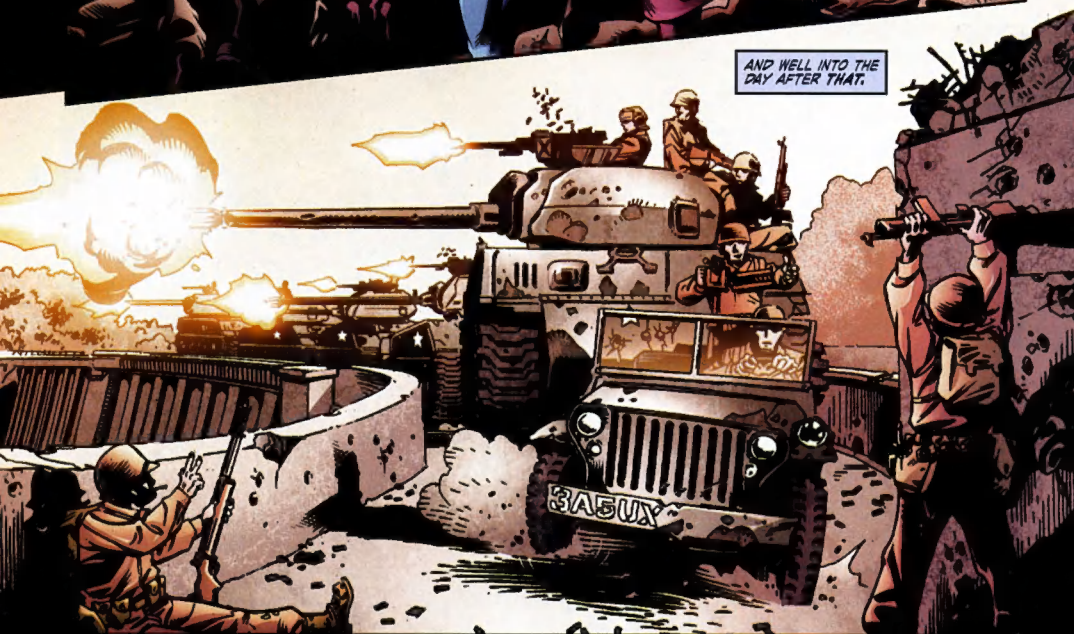
YOU
FILTHY COWARDS!
YOU FILTHY \$%&#ING
COWARDS!

HISTORY TELLS US THAT ON MARCH
26TH, 1945, TWENTY-THREE MEN
OF THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE
UNITED STATES' ARMY RANGERS
DEFENDED THEIR POSITION WITH A
COURAGE, CALM AND FURY
UNEQUALLED IN MODERN COMBAT.



AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS THEY HELP
OFF WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ATTACKERS.
TWENTY-THREE MEN SUCCESSFULLY HELD
THE REMBRECHTSHOF DAM THAT DAY.

AND THE NEXT DAY.



AND WELL INTO THE
DAY AFTER THAT.

